The Saturday News

ALBERTA · AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW · INDUSTRY ENERGY ENTERPRISE

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Note and Comment

The failure of the Saskatchewan loan, no less than eighty-eight per cent. being left on the underwriters' hands, may well cause consternation. Without saying that the financial policy pursued of late in Alberta is wholly to blame, as we all know how many considerations enter into a transaction of this character, it is impossible to believe that this has not had a very important effect. Mr. Sifton's method of dealing with the A. & G. W. funds was quite without a parallel under British institutions, and when once the idea becomes prevalent that Canadian legislative bodies, possessing sovereign power, can use that power to render null and void agreements into which they have entered, no one will feel safe in having any dealings with them.

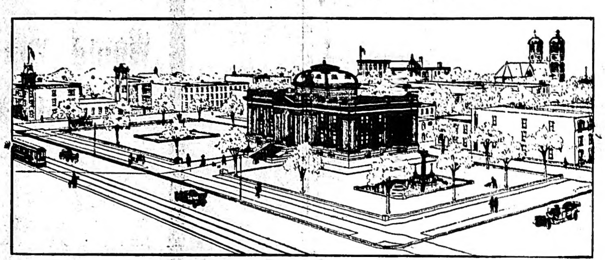
Those who argue that, so long as the purchasers of the railway bonds are fully secured, there is no reason to worry about the province's credit being affected, take a very superficial view of the situation. It is very important that their rights should be protected, but those of the company with which the bargain was made should be quite as sacred. It makes no difference whether the terms were favorable or unfavorable to the province, whether Mr. Clarke has or has not shown himself to be the kind of man to trust with such an enterprise. The legislature could not, without violating a fundamental constitutional rule, take away from him a privilege accorded him by an agreement, till he had violated the terms of the latter. This he has not done, as has been made clear beyond all possibility of contradiction. The action of the province is accordingly confiscation and nothing else, and those to whom it is proposed that they should enter into business negotiations with it in the future must take note of this fact. Having this recent experience in view, how are they to know that a bargain we make this year in the belief that it is in our own interests, we may not repudiate next year, if we happen to change our minds in regard to it. The law prevents an individual from doing this kind of thing. The King, acting through his ministers, has the power to break faith, but till Mr. Sifton came on the ground, no minister ever attempted to exercise this power.

Ontario is at present following with keen interest an investigation into the affairs of Oxford county. For some years back there has been a widespread belief that everything was not as it should be and the provincial government finally ordered an enquiry. The charges that have been made, as it proceeded, must lead other municipalities to watch the men whom they trust with public responsibilities much more closely than has been the habit in the past. When we have heard of gross corruption being brought home to officials in different parts of the American Union, Canadians have been in the habit of raising their hands in holy horror and thanking Heaven that things are not that way with them. But there has been plenty of evidence of late years that we are learning very rapidly in the school of politics, in which the highest degrees have been captured by our neighbors, and that we have quite as much need to be on the alert as they are.

The evidence in this Oxford investigation serves to strengthen this opinion. Here is a county, which is supposed to be representative of the largest measure of intelligence and integrity in the Dominion. Yet we find the Conservative candidate in the last three provincial elections testifying that an ex-warden of the county offered him $1,000 to secure the appointment to the jailership. The treasurer of the county is charged with securing that position by paying a year's salary to certain persons. It is freely stated that, as the enquiry proceeds, it will be shown a majority of the other officials bought their appointments.

The county decided some years ago to purchase the toll-roads within its borders. Evidence has been produced to show that in connection with the transactions carried on with the different road owners, much of the public money found its way into other pockets than those of the men being bought out.

A SUGGESTION FOR EDMONTON



The new city hall at Maisonneuve, Quebec.
The Square on which it has been built is smaller than Edmonton would have for a similar purpose in the present market.
Not only is the handsome building given a much more effective setting than if crowded up alongside inferior structures, but the grounds about are a most welcome breathing spot in the heart of the city.

A mysterious individual named Tate is said to have secured one of these roads from the owner, who lived in Chicago, for $200, and sold it to the county for $2,000. For several weeks the authorities searched for him in vain. At last they located him and he was put on the stand. He admitted that he was a Toronto bookkeeper and knew nothing about toll roads or their value. The road in question had never been owned by him, being merely put in his name for the purposes of the sale and to oblige another ex-warden. The latter went with him when he took the county's cheque for $2,000 to the bank. When they came out, the money "disappeared." That was all he could recollect. This is a pretty fair beginning, and by the time the enquiry is closed there is every likelihood that one of the most sordid stories in the history of municipal institutions will have been told. But the effect should be good. When one considers in how many communities public affairs are entrusted year after year to men who are in no respects worthy of confidence, simply because they make an effort to secure election and nobody else bothers about it, it is surprising that more corruption is not brought to light.

The really great problem before all governments, whether of the municipality, the province, or the nation, is that of securing administration of the public resources that is at the same time honest, economical and efficient. There is plenty of waste in civic affairs but the same liberties cannot be taken, in connection with these, as in the larger fields. The system of direct taxation causes the taxpayers to watch more carefully the outlay that is made. Mr. W. F. Cocksuhtt, the former M.P. for Brantford, has been speaking in the Conservative interests in Britain. In arguing for a protective tariff he declared that Canadians pay taxes through the tariff and do not even know they are paying them. So far as the majority of people are concerned, Mr. Cockshutt is strictly correct, but the fact to which he calls attention is really one of the strongest arguments against this method of raising a revenue. Because the money does not come directly out of their pockets, people are willing to see it wasted without raising a protest. If the Dominion revenue were raised in the same fashion as civic revenue, does anyone imagine the people of the country would have stood by and seen expenditure go up by leaps and bounds, as it has steadily done for years past, knowing as they do at the same time that a very large proportion of this is unnecessary and dictated purely by political considerations.

What can be done when a public man sets to work to cut down expenditure is being illustrated at present in Washington. Mr. Taft has declared that he intends to make the present year one of administrative reform rather than one of activity in disturbing legislation. Some months ago he sent out word to all departments that the pruning knife must be applied, and the result is that there has been a reduction of no less than fifty-three million dollars in the ordinary expenses of the government as compared with the last fiscal year.

Four hundred places have been abolished in the Treasury Department. One hundred unnecessary employees have been dropped from a single mint. Ten millions will be saved in the service of the port of New York. There is a surplus of nearly two millions and three-quarters in the Navy Department to be returned to the National Treasury, and so on. With all this lessening of cost there is to be no loss of efficiency; rather it is to be increased by means of better organization. Mr. Taft hopes to have a similarly careful scrutiny every year of the proposals to appropriate public money for public works that may not be needed or should not be constructed.

It has been said over and over again that an economical government is never a popular one, and the fate of Alexander Mackenzie has been constantly pointed to in this country by political wiseacres who are urging the men in power to go ahead and spend all that they can get their hands on. The letter which Mr. Mackenzie wrote to a friend during his term of office has been often quoted, but will stand repeating:

"I would like must to be relieved of the public works department," he declared, "but I cannot see my way to that at present. It is the great spending department, the possible great jobbing department, the department that can make or ruin a government at such a time as this, when twenty-five millions are in the power of its head to spend on public works. Friends expect to be benefited by offices they are unfit for; by contracts they are not entitled to; by advances not earned. Enemies ally themselves with friends and push the friends to the front. Some attempt to storm the office. Some dig trenches at a distance and approach in regular siege form. I feel like the besieged lying on my arms night and day. I have offended at least twenty parliamentary friends by my defence of the citadel. A weak minister here would ruin the party in a month and the country very soon. So I must drudge on as best I may and carry out the experiment of doing right, whatever happens, and trusting to have a majority in the House to sustain me; and when that fails, I shall go out cheerfully, if not joyfully."

Yet Mr. Mackenzie's "experiment of doing right whatever happens," a genuine experiment along those lines, as is now admitted on every hand, ended in crushing defeat. A sensational policy, with free spending as one of its corollaries, carried the opposing leader into power at the next general elections and maintained him there for a long period of years. No wonder that politicians are cynical and pay little attention to honest criticism of their administrative policy. But surely the public has too much good sense at bottom to allow this state of things to continue indefinitely. Old Abe Lincoln's famous dictim has surely some solid basis.

The annual report of the Superintendent of Neglected Children, recently issued from the Government offices, well repays reading. The importance of the work entrusted to Mr. Chadwick some years ago no one will deny, and theprovince has been very fortunate in securing the services of a man of his energy and enthusiasm.

The principle which he has applied is undoubtedly the correct one. No reformatory has been established. It has been found that a term in such an institution is liable to have a bad effect in two ways. Children are thrown into contact with others of wayward tendencies, and these are accordingly stimulated. In the second place they have to bear the odium through life of having been confined in a reformatory. In Alberta the system adopted has been that of placing children out in good homes. Under this it has been found that ninety-eight per cent. of the children make good records and swing back to normal conditions of life.

"A good family home," the report reads, "is far better for a homeless child than an institution. Physical health, industrial training, normal social environment, rooted affections and virtues, access to the avenues of success, are some of the conditions which are offered by the normal home and which are anchors that hold such children to the possibility of good citizenship in later life."

Every city with 10,000 people or over is required to provide a children's home as a temporary shelter and an amendment at the recent session makes it obligatory upon such a municipality to maintain an agent for the enforcement of the act. Edmonton and Calgary already have such officers, and it is only right that all the large cities should be required to make such provision. The powers of the superintendent over such agents and in respect to the work in general have also been considerably strengthened. These changes all appear quite reasonable. With so large a responsibility placed on one man, he must have adequate powers.

The Toronto Globe publishes a New Year's financial survey. One of the men asked to express his opinion as to the Western outlook is Mr. Wm. Whyte of the C.P.R. He seizes the occasion to once more emphasize the folly of the system being followed by the majority of the farmers of this part of the country.

"If ever there was an agricultural country in the world," he writes, "Manitoba is that country. Our sole resource is agriculture. Yet this year there were imported into Manitoba over our line over twelve million eggs. For our dining cars we are now bringing in chickens from Chicago. We are also importing cream from the United States.

"The trouble is that our farmers are wheat mad. They have made money with wheat, and they have not the labor that mixed farming involves. They have not the labor that mixed farming involves. They can go away in the winter and leave the hired man to take care of the horses. The loss of wheat farming is universally recognized. The farmer is not selling his wheat, but selling his farm. He is not tilling the land. He is exploiting it. He is using his land, not like a farm, but like a mine."

Alberta farmers fortunately are showing a large amount of wisdom in this connection as compared with those of the two provinces to the East. They do not make the sensational showing in the crop reports that so many look upon as a test of Western prosperity, but by diversifying their interests they are placed upon a very much more substantial basis. However, even in Alberta there is a great deal to be done along the line that Mr. Whyte suggests. Large importations of what our farms are as well fitted as any in the world to produce are made each year. This is something that the department of agriculture is doing everything in its power to correct.

The summary published in another column, showing the rate of growth in the various states of the Union between the census of 1900 and that of the present year, is of decided interest inasmuch as it illustrates how much more rapid has been the growth of Canada's new provinces. Alberta will show an increase in ten years of between five and six hundred per cent. And yet some people are not satisfied with its progress?

The Lord's Day Alliance in Toronto is taking steps to prevent Sunday skating and Sunday golf. It can do nothing which would interfere more with its usefulness. So long as it restricts its functions to preserving Sunday as a day of rest and to keeping the labor performed on that day down to the minimum of necessity, it is doing a work which cannot be too much encouraged. But when it comes to preventing people from indulging in forms of recreation which affect only themselves, it makes itself a nuisance and defeats its object. No one has any more right to interfere with Sunday golfers and skaters than with those who take Sunday afternoon walks. People have less right to do this than to prohibit Sunday driving, which usually involves work on the part of stablemen.

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WINDOWS

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

Full knee deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing,
Toll ye the church-bell, sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old Year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old Year, you shall not go.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above,
He gave a friend and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away,
Old Year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see,
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
But tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before,
Every one for his own,
The night is starry and cold, my friend;
And the New Year, blithe and bold myfriend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro,
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock,
Shake hands, before you die,
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you,
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend.
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door, my friend.

—Tennyson.

Having feasted, perhaps not wisely, but at least very well, and having lived in a state of general excitement preparing for, and clearing up after, Christmas, nothing now remains but to settle oneself in order for the near approaching lap in the race of life.

I always feel like a dice in a box this week, 'mid Christmas and the New Year.

First, because I have been in a constant state of jumping about for many weeks before, and secondly, because on the next throw I have the chance to make a very good or a very poor showing.

Perhaps I like the figure of Life as a book even better.

There is the old one available for me to read and profit by. I can turn to it, chapter for chapter, and incident after incident, and see just where and why, things went wrong. Or I can take it and store it away among the other books of Years, and forget it—or endeavor to

In either case, before me lies a brand new volume. Not a page sullied; Not a mark in it all from cover to cover. And these coming three hundred and sixty-five days must see it filled. Whether I will or no, not a day will pass without one page being written. To even the most careless of us, the New Year, more and more, year by year, must bring very solemn thoughts.

Charles Lamb says that, "no one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common "Adam."

And he goes on to tell of passing the eve in the company of some fellows who were inclined to treat the matter boisterously For himself he says, he plunged into foregone visions and conclusions. And more than a feeling of joy at the entrance of the "new foot at the door,'" he gazed pensively and musingly, after the skirts of the "departed one."

In every "good-bye" there is an awesome solemnity. Even a welcome departure leaves a strange sense of loss in its wake. A naughty child, a tiresome guest, when they are gone, and "good-bye" is spoken, what a weird, emptiness slips into their place!

And the advent of the New Year is a solemn thing because it represents the beginning of something. All beginnings are tremendous with potentialities.

A year hence! Do you think what may, or can not, have happened, when you consider what changes a day may bring forth?

Well, come what may, I trust we will meet it with stout hearts, and soberly. It is a new chance. May we make the best of it.

We start even once more, here's hoping we will make the best of our opportunities.

A Happy New Year to each of you. Now for the fresh start.

1—9—1—1

We're off

From Maple Creek ways (maybe you'll be knowing who sent it), come a clipping regarding a charter for a new Woman's Club. The following resolutions were the ones proposed — all dealing with the clothes question — and, promising it seems to me, either a state of such free-mindedness and comfort as women have not enjoyed in a century, or enough trouble to keep four hundred womens' organizations busy explaining away.

1. That the cost of clothes should bear a definite percentage to income—a 5 to 10 per cent, limit might be considered normal. A maximum to be agreed upon in the case of large incomes.

2. That a good and beautiful fashion should be retained as long as possible, not only for its own fitness but also in order that women may learn to adapt it to themselves.

3. That crinoline and hobble skirts be equally taboo, with all innovations that distort the figure and cripple free movement.

4. That whereas many beautiful species of birds are in danger of extinction, owing to the ruthless slaughter at breeding-time for the decoration of women's headgear, this destruction should be ended by the action of the women themselves in refusing any longer to wear scalps.

5. That the society pledges itself to encourage the old and beautiful industries of the lace-makers and the makers of flowers, and to protect them as far as possible from the rapid changes of the "mode," whereby many women workers are thrown out of employment.

6. That certain rules can be made and kept, i.e., the short skirt for walking, the long for the house. Other rules to be added as seems advisable

7. That every costume should have a pocket.

8. That gowns should be made so that women can cope with the fastenings thereof themselves.

9. That women should take pride in being seen often in the same costume. Is there not vulgarity in seeking to make constant changes?

10. That members of the society pledge themselves to pay their dressmakers' bills.

11. That the clothes question should come up, as is natural, twice in the year—at the spring and the fall That proper time and attention should then be given to it and the whole subject dismissed.

13. That simplicity should be considered a merit of the highest.

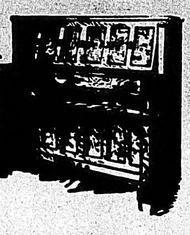
14. That it be deemed an offence to look like a fashion plate.

15. That in order to encourage fine hand-sewing, every member be invited to make a woman's blouse and a man's shirt—to pass the committee of experts."

Aside from the opportunities for having a deal of quiet fun the resolutions afford, there is a great deal of sound sense behind them.

Worth, probably the greatest costumier of at least the last century, in an article in Harper's Bazaar a year or so ago, laid great stress on the

(Continued to page seven.)



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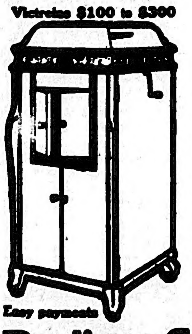

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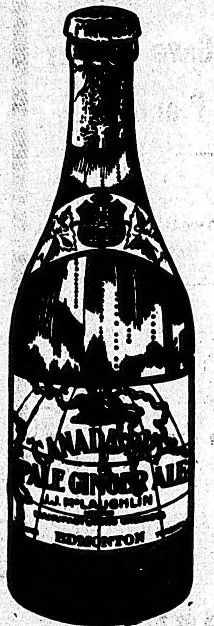

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The scene was the express customs office up on Fraser Avenue, and the time the day before Christmas. There was one solitary clerk in Query number one; Why, when a new government building has just been completed, should it be necessary to rent an annex at this early date? Can't the government look any further ahead than this, that a building by the time it is completed is too small? Query number two: Why, when one clerk has the business at Christmas time to handle that would keep three clerks busy, are not two extra clerks put on the job?

But on the particular morning when our story opens, there were other troubles Kind friends who lived in foreign parts had remembered many families. A dozen or more dutiful husbands and fathers had been told at the express offices that they had to go up to Fraser Avenue to clear the goods. After a diligent search they had located the distributing centre and were lined up in front of the counter, in anticipation of being waited upon. As they stood there, fidgetting and wondering what was happening around at the store or office they had left, presumably for a couple of seconds, they heard an entertaining dialogue.

"You will have one dollar and twenty cents to pay in duty on this parcel, madame," said the customs official.

"Indeed and I won't," came from the buxom dame addressed "they told me at the express office that the pacel was in bond and when a thing's in bond there is no duty to pay upon it."

"Excuse me, madame, but the fact that it is in bond indicates that there is a duty to pay."

"You can't come that over me. What's the meaning of all this talk in the papers about Canadians having bonding privileges through the States, if they have to pay duty."

"You are under a misapprehension, madame. That is quite another matter, but I haven't the time to discuss that with you. You see all these gentlemen waiting."

"I don't care how long they wait. I won't pay any duty, 'cause I know I don't have to and I must have that parcel right away. Why it's from Willie's aunt in Iowa and I want to put it in his stocking this very night."

The clerk was becoming restive but his politeness did not forsake him. It was evident that he was a type of civil servant after R. B. Bennett's own heart.

"I'm very sorry for Willie" he ventured "but you can surely understand my position. I can't violate my instructions."

"Well, if you'd go back and read up your instructions, I know you'd find out that things in bond don't pay duty. I dare you to prove to me that I'm not right."

"I don't wish to be harsh, madame, but I must insist on your moving along, if you are not going to pay the duty."

"I'm not going to pay, and you'd better give me that parcel or I'll make it hot for you."

The clerk quietly deposited the parcel under the counter and asked the next person in line what he could do for him. Then the conversation became a monologue.

"All these customs houses are instruments of the devil" declared Willie's mother "and we're going to make the United States and Canada one country and you and all your tribe will lose your jobs. There's only one worse thing than customs houses and that is the drink traffic. We're going to wipe them all out see if we don't. Why it's simply awful to think of intelligent people allowing such things. If I had my way—

Unfortunately Saturday News space is valuable and the rest of the discourse must go on unreported. But the man to whom it was primarily addressed went on with his work. The rest of the audience thinned out a trifle and finally the orator of the morning ceased, fixed every man in the room with a look of high-browed scornfulness, made for the door, and shouting "you'll hear from me yet," slammed it behind her.

"And yet" muttered the mild man behind the counter "they say that government employes have a snap."

How many Christmas dinners went cold while the host searched for somebody to add to the party in order that thirteen might not sit down to the table. I remember one such gathering at what was Edmonton's best-known restaurant some three or four years ago. The proprietor, as many of those whose habit it was to dine there will remember, would never serve thirteen people. His son was in attendance that night and politely informed the host that a fourteenth would have to be found. The highways and by-ways were searched with the final result that a young man ate a very good dinner when he expected to eat a poor one over a lunch counter. Less than a month afterwards, the proprietor's son who had issued the order, died very suddenly. If the thirteen had been served, the fact would, of course, have been blamed for the unhappy event which followed, and the superstition would have received a new sanction.

This personal reminiscence is suggested by an article on the famous Thirteen Club which appears in this month's London Magazine. It was formed twenty years ago and lasted for seven years.

The club used to meet on the 13th of each month, and rejoiced when the date fell on a Friday. In going in to dinner each guest passed under a small ladder, at each plate was placed a small mirror, which was broken at a signal, each guest spilled salt, thirteen sat at each table, the waiters were cross-eyed, the salt was served in miniature coffins, and on the menu card was sketched a skeleton. In short, every form of superstition was boldly challenged.

It is a curious fact that the son of the founder of the club now writes, thirteen years after it ceased to exist, and tells us that bad luck overtook many of the members. He says:

Taken as a body, the members of the "13" Club were very unlucky indeed. One well-known actor, who was one of its most active supporters, eventually shot his wife and himself in a public thoroughfare in Australia—Melbourne or Sydney, I forget which—in order to end his financial misfortunes. Two of the club's most prominent supporters, who were well-known public men, have died in lunatic asylums. An artist whose fame is world-wide has no doubt cursed the "13" Club many times and oft, for since his participation in its ceremonies his luck has been of the worst. I can recall dozens of instances where misfortune of every kind dogged the footsteps of the intrepid members.

Many well known men belonged to the club, among others Sir Henry Irving, Professor Huxley, Mr. Henry Labouchere, Mr. J. Comyns Carr, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. George Augustus Sala, Sir Douglas Straight, Sir J. Blundell Maple, M.P., Mr. H. S. Foster, M.P., Sir John Hare, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Hayden Coffin, and the present Duke of Leeds. Many prominent men declined to join the club and of these, we think, the late Sir Redvers Buller expressed himself well when he wrote that he did not see the "advantage of flouting agressively the harmless superstitions by which many innocent people set store." Lord Randolph Churchill declined membership on the ground that should he join, and should anything happen to him, "the superstition against which you so forcibly protest might be very greatly strengthened in its hold on public opinion." He was right. The club itself has passed away, and the son of its founder writes its history in such a way as to strengthen the superstitions it sought to abolish.

That men remain children all their lives—or at least so long as they retain good health—seems to be shown, says the Toronto Star in commenting on the article, by the fact that 150 men of standing could be brought together in 1904 to go through the tom-foolery of walking under ladders, breaking mirrors, spilling salt, sitting thirteen at table, and being served by cross-eyed waiters. That of so many only two ended their days in lunatic asylums was very lucky indeed.

"I hope it will be a long time before I have such another test applied to my honesty," a down town merchant remarked as he returned from waiting on a customer.

"What was the trouble?" asked his partner.

"Those near-wool suits. An old

(Continued on Page Six)

HAD ONE OF MY RAGING HEADACHES

When I First Used "Fruit-a-tives"

WM. PITT

SHANLY, ONT. SEPT. 25, 1914

You certainly have the *Greatest Discovered Headache Cure*, in the world. Before "Fruit-a-tives" came before the public, I suffered tortures from headaches, caused mostly from stomach disorders. I tried many different remedies without any relief.

One of your travellers called on me shortly after you started selling "Fruit-a-tives", and on that day I had one of my raging headache, and had my head almost in a raw sore from external applications. I hated to see any person coming into the store (I am a general store keeper at the above address and have been in the same store 35 years) much less a commercial traveller, and I told him, very curtly, that I had a headache and "want none of his Patent medicine", but he very good-naturedly offered me a sample of "Fruit-a-tives" and insisted on my trying them. I did so, with what I would call *amazing results*. They completely cured me and since then (nearly six years ago) it is only necessary for me to take one occasionally to preserve me in my present good health. I was 65 years old yesterday.

You are at liberty to publish this letter and my photo, if you think it would induce some others to use your splendid remedy. (Signed) WM. PITT.

"Fruit-a-tives" cures Headaches because it is the greatest blood purifying medicine in the world. "Fruit-a-tives" is also the only remedy made of fruit juices. Dealers everywhere sell "Fruit-a-tives" at 50c a box, 6 for $2.50 or trial size, 25c. If your dealer does not handle "Fruit-a-tives", send to Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, enclosing regular retail price.

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Piano Department—Miss J. McIsaac.
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Greetings

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THE GRAND MILITARY BAL POUDRE
will be given by the
"Westward Ho"
Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire on FRIDAY EVENING next at 9 P.M. in the Separate School Hall
Tickets may be had from the officers and members of the Chapter.

Carl Henningsen's
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Largest and best equipped Dyeing and French dry cleaning plant in the West
Mail orders solicited Phone 1728
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Does your Label read 1911 on your News ?

Home and Society

Christmas week seems to have been nothing other than one long succession of dinner parties. Dinner parties at mid-day, dinner parties at early evening, dinner parties, though I think "supper" would be more accurate. at mid-night—and sometimes one poor little appetite having to cope with the lot. Surely none could have gone hungry who had any friends at all, at all, this Christmas!

Dinner parties are to my own way of thinking, quite the nicest form of entertainment.

Then a person has half a chance of getting really acquainted with his partner and next door neighbor. Besides there is a smack of hospitality in sitting at a home board and sharing a man's salt, that no other species of entertainment seems to engender. At a tea a woman blows in and out of a house like a butterfly. Quarters are too crowded to allow of any but a word, and then a passing one with the procession.

I think I am quite right in stating that the majority of women feel little gratitude for an invitation to "crushes" of this kind.

Christmas day — being Sunday—seems to have passed off very quietly. Monday. however. more than made up for it. There could have been few homes without some extra chairs at the dinner table. Everyone I met. was either dining out, or giving a party themselves. The children throughout the town must have had a glorious time of it. I heard of case after case, where blase bachelors and "old sticks" generally, sneaked oft and played the part of Santa to their friends' youngsters, spending the day on their knees—where they ought to be, the rascals—winding windey-up things for small boys, and pushing dolls' carriages for little girls, and enjoying themselves really more than they had in a twelvemonth. The toys grow more fascinating, though less substantial, as the years go by. and most of the grown-ups ended their evenings playing children's games. fish-pond, quoits, steeple-chase, or poring over the clever picture books that this Christmas, in unusual numbers, appear to have deluged the market. A little bird—the gossip—whispered of many funny happenings that marked the celebration of this most merry day. Of staid old parties who regained their youth and danced everything from a pas de seul to a skirt dance. Of a number of prominent gentlemen who missed connections for dinner parties—after keeping their host and hostess an hour in the waiting. Of young men who developed most agonizing attacks of toothache but who managed later on in the day to eat dinners elsewhere. And so on and so forth. But all in all everyone seems to have had a splendid time, and spent a Merry, Merry Christmas, with prospects of a bright and prosperous New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. May are rejoicing in the birth of a wee son, who came just in time to wish them a Merry Christmas—on Christmas eve.

The next Ladies' Curling Club tea will take place on Thursday afternoon, when a match will also be played

Mrs. Dickins who has her sister. Miss Gouin, of Winnipeg, with her for a visit, has issued cards of invitation for an "At Home" for this (Friday) afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jameson, of Strathcona, are leaving for a three months holiday to southern California about Jan. 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth and their family leave sometime next week for California. Mrs. Charlesworth will be away for six months, at least, and the J.K.Cornwails will occupy their house in their absence.

The D. J. MacNamaras leave this week-end for a three months tour abroad, probably returning sometime in April, when they will occupy their handsome residence on the corner of Hardisty Ave. and Eighth Street.

Among others who gave smart parties at Christmas. was Mrs. Baldwin, who recently came to town from Toronto to be with her son. and who had a midnight supper on Christmas eve.

The premier event of this week is the Military Bal Poudre, to be given by Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire in the Separate School theatre, on Friday evening.

This dance is always the prettiest and most fashionable dance of the season, and of course everyone makes a special effort to be present. Turner's orchestra will furnish the music, and the decorations are to be exceptionally handsome.

I think it a bit of a pity that a larger hall could not be secured for the occasion, the stairs, and the smallness of the quarters being against a dance of this character, whch always draws a large crowd. However, the ttckets are being limited to three hundred, so it is hoped to avoid overcrowding, Gentlemen $2.00, ladies' tickets $1.00.

Mrs. Swaisland's Christmas Eve party for her small daughters and their friends on Saturday, brought together a jolly little company of children, who had a perfectly lovely party first, with a beautiful Christmas tree, laden with gifts and candies and dear knows what other goodies afterwards.

The fine long reception room strung with its cheery Christmas decorations, the merry excited little children running around beneath, and the proud young mothers, sipping tea happily in the background, is the delightful impression I took away with me.

Host and Hostess, and the handsome youthful Grandmother, joined hands with the young daughters of the house. in giving everyone a splendid time, so that it was getting very late for such tiny tots to be abroad, when the mothers finally hustled them into their wraps, and scurried off home with them

Miss Rita Davies had a young people's card party on Tuesday evening, "Five Hundred" being the attraction. Eight tables engaged in play, Miss McNicoll and Mr Jack Dawson carrying off the prizes, and Miss McIsaacs and Mr. Owen the Consolations, After supper music and games brought to a close a very jolly evening.

Toronto Saturday Night in a description of the Bal Poudre given there recently has the following:

"The queen of the ball was Mrs. Leigh McCarthy, daughter of Sir Daniel and Lady MacMillan, Government House, Winnipeg, who with her bridegroom was returning from a honeymoon at Lakewood. Tall and dignified, the beautiful bride was a conspicuous figure, her exquisite gown, stunning coiffure poudree and personal charm striking everyone till the query "Who is she?" was heard in all directions. For a moment the powdered hair made those who knew her hesitate, but she was soon recognized and had no idle moments. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy stopped for a few days on their way home. and have been entertained by relatives and friends, leaving on Saturday for Winnipeg. They were married four or five weeks ago.

The marriage took place on Monday in Calgary of Norma Lindsay, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Glanville to Brenton Pascoe Alley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Alley, Saskatoon. Mr. Alley is manager of the Bank of Commerce at Lanigan, Sask., and was formerly attached to the Edmonton branch.

On Wednesday of last week the marriage of Miss L. M. McKee to Mr. F. A. Osborne, collector of customs and an old and well known resident of Edmonton, was quietly performed at All Saints Church by Archdeacon Gray. The groom is a captain in the 101st and was attended by Lieut. Brown, Miss Chegwin assisting the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne will live at 15 College avenue.

Mrs. Graydon and Miss Graydon will receive on Wednesday, January 4th, and afterwards on the first Wednesday of the month, at 544 Fourteenth street.

Mr. Supple was the guest of Mr and Mrs. Mowat Biggar for the Christmas holidays, but was obliged to return to Cranbrook on Thursday, much to the regret of a very wide circle of friends who only had time for a word with him. Such are the delights of being a Bank Manager, with an end of the month ever staring you in the face.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald will be one of the hostesses who will receive on New Years Day.

Miss Jean McIsaacs was the hostess of a jolly dinner for several of the younger set on Wednesday night. the party taking place at the residence of the Minister of Agriculture; covers being laid for twelve. Miss McIsaacs received in a pretty and most becoming black frock, and after dinner music and cards brought to a conclusion a very enjoyable evening. The table was gayly decorated with crimson carnations and softly shaded lights, and those present included: Miss Penelope Davies, Miss McKenny. Miss Rita Davies, Miss Joan MacDonald, Miss Allison, and Mr. Ferris. Mr. Nash, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Blue and Mr. Mack.

The Misses Sommerville were the hostesses of a delightful small tea. mostly for the younger set, and a few of the younger matrons on Wednesday afternoon, the large hospitable rooms of this charming house looking very cosy and inviting with their gay Christmas decorations, and cheery fires burnng in the grates.

Mrs. Sommerville assisted her daughters in receiving, looking very sweet and gracious in becoming black. while Miss Viva Sommerville had on a soft, pretty reseda afternoon frock. and Miss Dorothy was very attractive in dainty white linen.

The table was a beautiful arrangement of pink and white carnations and fern, in a crystal and wrought silver vase, with pink candle-lights in crystal sticks, and a trio of young matrons, Mrs. Ghiselin in her lovely wedding gown, and Mrs. D. J. MacNamara and Mrs. Heffernan, both smartly frocked, presiding, while Mrs. Mays assisted in looking after the callers.

I was glad to see, on Wednesday night, so many patronizing the Partello Stock Co's attraction, "Father and the Boys," at the delightful little Empire theatre.

The company has some very clever members, who do exceedingly good work, and the plays they are producing are very amusing and help to pass a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Mr. Russell is doing all in his power to give the people of Edmonton good shows, and I hope he will receive the loyal support he deserves from the theatre-going public.

Mrs. Wentworth Irving had a jolly little coterie of friends in for tea and a chat on Wednesday afternoon, the tea-room being beautifully and most elaborately strung with tiny, vari-colored electric lights amid a profusion of crimson and green decorations. In the centre of the table was a low dish of feathery fern with candle-lights attached, and gay little Christmas flags fluttering among the green. A most delicious repast was served, Mrs. Irving looking very smart in an elaborate toilette of black Spanish lace and pale blue. Mrs. Douglas MacLean, modishly gowned, assisted her in her hospitable duties, while Mrs. MacLean Sr. was also a kind assistant hostess.

Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Muir Frith, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Barford, Mrs. Hislop and several others were among those present.

In the hall I saw a fascinating Christmas tree twinkling with electric lights, from which I argued that the small son of the house was another of the fortunate small boys on Chrctmas Day in the morning.

PEGGY.

A little boy was entertaining the minister the other day until his mother could complete her toilet. The minister, to make congenial conversation, inquired:

"Have you a dog?"

"Yes, sir; a dachshund," responded the lad.

"Where is he?" questioned the dominie, knowing the way to a boy's heart.

"Father sends him away for the winter. He says it takes him so long to go in and out the door he cools the whole house off." Success Magazine.

Mistress of Shenstone
By the author of "Rosary"
LITTLE HAS 'EM

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For Dances, etc.
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Miss Geach has classes for Girls at the Maclean Block, also Kindergarten Class with fully trained teacher. Wanted—a young lady to train as Kindergarten teacher. For further particulars apply
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Dainty hand painted designs.
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S W SANDERSON
PHONE 1784
PHOTOGRAPHER

THE INVESTOR

Charles Lewis Shaw, well known to readers of The Saturday News, is now hard at work on his law practice in Winnipeg, and the public doesn't hear from him through the newspapers and magazines to the extent that it did some years ago.

To the Christmas number of the Winnipeg Telegram, he, however, contributed a story, based on real estate conditions of the early eighties which is of great interest. The story itself I don't intend to deal with here. It concerns a real estate speculator, a young Englishman, and the former's daughter, with whom the Englishman was in love. Here are some extracts:

"The story of the Edmonton boom in Winnipeg in the spring of 1882 has often been told. It was the spirit of boom speculation gone mad. It was the anticipation of a confident belief by nearly two decades. It was the despairing, maddening effort of some to whom the stern fact had come home that great, growing and glorious as Western Canada was it was not in the probabilities of human progress that until settlement had come and crops were grown and garnered that the current values of city and town property could be maintained in a young and capital-less country.

"The real estate situation in Winnipeg in the latter part of February, 1882, was at a tension. Men hoped against hope and when the town-site of Edmonton was placed on the market, to some it was a renewal of the buoyant conditions of the previous December, and to others an opportunity to redeem themselves by quick turn-overs in a boom situation. It was the death-knell of the boom, but its first notes were mistaken for the peal of renewed and prolonged activity. Crowds filled the streets before popular real estate offices or thronged the corridors and sitting rooms of the hotels and the most bewildering business siuation in Canada's history ensued.

"Only a limited number of Edmonton town lots were placed on the market and these doubled in price before noon and trebled before nightfall. All night long buying and selling took place in hotels and restaurants. ..Next day the excitement increased and lots that twenty-four hours before had ben purchased for $100 were now being sold for $800 and $1,000. The speculative element was fast becoming glutted with Edmonton lots.

"Strange to say the first person in Winnipeg to fully grasp at the moment the utter madness of a boom that anticipated settlement and railway connection by ten years and outraged every sense of reasonable development, was the young Canadianized English girl, Marion Semple. She recognized the spirit of her father running riot in a city full.

"Major Semple left the second day of the boom for the Parish of St. Andrews to round up some old retired Hudson's Bay company officers. Through the intimacy begotten of his militarism and the semi-military lifework of the service of the historic company, he was persuaded he could purchase on reasonable terms the holdings of these officers in a place they looked upon as a mere fur trading post.

"You have a general power of attorney, Marion. If you have an undoubted chance of a grand coup, exercise that power unhesitatingly," staid the pompous old goose paternally.

She did. She sent at once for St. John Selwyn. He hadn't met her for weeks.

"Now, no nonsense, St. John," as she drew her hand from the vice-like grip that attempted to draw her to him. "Things are too serious. This Edmonton boom is going to— is going to "bust," you call it and I'm going to get father from under that before the whole thing tumbles."

"Aw! You know, bah George" —stammered Selwyn, gazing wonder-eyed as the crisp, business-like expressions of the west fell from the drawn lips of the girl.

"I'm not going to try and convince you. You are as mad as the rest. I simply say I know it. A spectator sees the game and I've been in short skirts. The only difference is that the whole town is now playing it. I want him to get him from under and I want you to help me. I want to sell every foot of Father's interests in Edmonton within two hours and you have to do it."

St. John Selwyn tried to argue, which showed his lack of knowledge of the mystery that came on earth with the advent of Mother Eve.

"It simply means this, St. John," said Miss Semple, as the lines about the girlish lips grew strongly defined, "Unless you sell out and unless we sell out for father, the whole of us will be bankrupt. A nice situation—a bankrupt wishing to marry a bankrupt's daughter. Harmonious, but spells parting and the parting, dear, might as well begin right now."

St. John Selwyn did the quickest thinking of record in the heavy brained line of Yorkshire Selwyns since an ancestor changed his mind remwhen a certain writ of attainder was issued by William of Orange over two centuries ago.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to," he ruefully muttered as he looked into the determined eyes of the woman he loved.

Major Semple made $28,545.54 and St. John Selwyn made $9,445 out of the Edmonton boom that afternoon.

When Major Selwyn returned late that evening the joyous purchaser of six Jasper avenue lots in the town of Edmonton at $200 per lot and heard of the action of his attorney he threw about the neatest imitation of sixteen different kinds of fits that his friends had ever seen. He said things that were unprintable, things very unbecoming an officer and a gentleman He was milder at lunch next day and inclined to graciousness at dinner. He had been down town and discovered that the Edmonton boom had 'bust' during the night. A marvellous psychological change had come over the real estate situation and before noon, "you couldn't give an Edmonton lot away if there was a shadow of a covenant even on the next block."

"We'll keep those purchases I made from the Hudson's Bay people," said the Major, grimly throwing the deeds into his strong box as they were packing up in readiness for the flitting back to the homeland, for Marion and Selwyn were to be married in the following May.

He kept the lots for twenty years and last Christmas the venerable old British soldier called his matronly daughter to him in the manor house of the Selwyns where he was spending the holiday. "I just wish to call your attention, Marion, to the fact that my judgment was right about the value of Edmonton property in the spring of 1882. I have just received an offer for those Jasper avenue lots in Edmonton, in Canada. You remember when I bought them in the spring of 1882, a few months before you were married. I have been offered $1,000 a foot for them. You see, my dear, that my business judgment was always my strong point." Mrs. Selwyn never smiled and the old gentleman went on complacently, "I have determined to give my eldest grand-daughter my Edmonton estate."

The whole-hearted manner in which everyone has given themselves over to the full enjoyment of the festivities of Christmas and the New Year has not resulted in the expected flatness of the real estate and investment field. This is a most excellent sign for the future.

As we go to press ward reaches us of a $12,000.00 deal on Namayo avenue, outside interests having purchased the northwest corner of Namayo and Clara for that figure.

Another good sign is the steady rise of Jasper avenue properties. $2,000.00 per foot frontage for the north-east corner of Jasper and First may, at first sight, seem a little high, but those most competent to judge are agreed that this central corner is well worth the figure quoted.

Then again suburban residential property, more particularly that situated in the west end, shows every sign of becoming very active.. In this connection the popularity of the Groat Estate shows up strongly. A number of transfers have been put through recently and the interest that the leading agents, noticeably Messrs. F. C. Lowes & Co., are taking in this estate shows that they are fully alive to its attractiveness both as an investment and also as an ideal homesite.

The 11,000 acre farm at Namaka, in the south of the province, said to be the largest in Alberta, has been taken over by a company with a capitalization of $400,000. It has been the property up to the present of Mr. Morris Adler, of Birmingham, Alabama, who takes a half interest in the new concern. So far 5000 acres have been broken and the new company will try and break 2000 more for this coming season's cultivation.

A company has been formed to exploit 1920 acres of asphalt claims at Fort McKay, beyond Fort McMurray. Mr. J. H. Gariepy is president, N. Menasse vice-president, and A. Violette general manager and treasurer.

ROYAL LOVERS.

One would think that the shadowing and guarding to which the rulers of nations have to submit would never be less welcome than to a royal lover during his courtship; but Mons. Xavier Paoli, to whose lot it fell to safeguard King Alfonso and the Princess Ena, now Queen Victoria of Spain, at that interesting period, relates that the young king accepted it with the best grace in the world. Perhaps he did so because the Frenchman was a man of tact and sentiment; certainly he felt assured of his sympathy, for it was not long before he asked him with the engaging desire of every lover to hear his sweetheart praised.

"She's nice, isn't she?"

A little later the two young people, accompanied by the whole little court, sought a beautiful spot in the garden of the Villa Mouriscot, where the Princess was staying. Near a little lake a gardener awaited them, holding two young fir trees.

"This is mine," said the King.

"And this is mine, said the princess.

"We must plant the trees side by side, so that they may always remind us of these never-to-be-forgotten days," added the King; and each taking a spade, they set laughingly to work. The princess, daughter of a gardening race, finished first. King Alfonso digs badly.

"There is no doubt about it," he confessed, ruefully. "I am very awkward. I must put in a month or two with the engineers."

Yet a few more days, and Monsieur Paoli was greeted from afar by a joyous voice. King Alfonso, beaming all over his face, cried to him:

"It's all right, Paoli, the official demand has been granted! You see before you the happiest of men!"

The pretty princess was not, alas! the happiest of brides. Monsieur Paoli saw her at the moment of her return from the bridal procession, so cruelly interrupted by a bomb, her trailing robe of white satin splashed and stained with blood, and tears raining down her face beneath the enveloping veil of lace. He saw, too, the young husband kiss and comfort her on the threshold, but the impression of the terrible day lingered long to cloud her early happiness. It was banished at last by motherhood.

When next Monsieur Paoli was in Madrid, the King brought and displayed to him a pink-faced bundle, like any other proud young father:

"There! What do you think of him? Isn't he splendid?"

NOTICE.

His Honour, the Lieutenant Governor, will hold a Levee at Government House on New Year's Day from 3 to 5 o'clock p.m.

By Command,
G. H. BABBITT,
Secretary.

Government House, Edmonton,
December 30th, 1910.

The prevailing fashions in dressing ladies' hair requires that hair goods be worn in one form or another. The result is that an enormous quantity of switches, puffs and curls are being sold, not especially to ladies whose hair is becoming thin, but generally to all those who desire to follow the fashions in vogue. Ladies in the West have experienced considerable difficulty in the past in obtaining satisfactory Hair Goods. To answer their purpose switches, puffs and curls must match the wearer's hair perfectly. There is only one way to obtain this, and that is to have them made to order out of the very best quality of natural hair. A very large Mail Order business has recently developed, supplying these goods on approval. This brings within the reach of every woman the opportunity to buy at big-saving prices, without the slightest chance of being disappointed in match, quality or cost. Those interested in Hair Goods should write The Gowan Knox Company, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, for their illustrated catalogue.

12-10-14t

SWIFT CANADIAN COMPANY, LIMITED.

The company of J. Y. Griffin & Co., Ltd., will, on January 1st, 1911, cease to do business under that name and will thereafter be known as Swift Canadian Co., Limited. The new company will make a specialty of handling Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal, and General Produce.

TO RENT

New fully mondern seven room house, cement basement, etc., on Government Ave, first block north of the tracks. $30 per month by lease of one year—$20 per month lease of three years or more.

Clifford C. Mitchell
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A Few Words to Property Owners

By reason of ous skilled salesmen and unexcelled office equipment we are prepared to handle ycur property for you in either selling, trading, renting, paying taxes, or any other necessaries. We make a specialty of handling properties for out of town owners.

A Few Words to Strangers and House Renters

Persons just arriving or dissatisfied tenants can always find an assortment of houses, stores or cottages that will be to their liking. We have a large rental list of places in all parts of the city and at all prices.

What We do

We BUY, SELL and TRADE, value-increasing City, Suburban, Townsite and Farm propositions. We handle Timber Limits, Coal Lands, School Lands, B. C. Fruit Lands and Mining Claims. We Pay Taxes, Make Repairs, and look after properties to the satisfaction of out of town clients.

We invite an inspection of our lists. Our offices are always open to persons desiring information concerning prcperty.

CALL OR WRITE TO

The Loyal Legion Investment Co
240 Jasper Ave. E. (Upstairs) Edmonton

PHONE 1537 P. O. BOX 802

"I'm going to get married in the Spring and I want to give 'the best little girl in the world' a home like the one she will leave—where the air is pure and fresh and the surroundings quiet and restful. I don't want to be "a hundred miles from nowhere" because I want to go home to lunch. Can you find me such a homesite?"

The enquiry came from a young man wise enough to want a home of his own. We told him all about the Groat Estate—where the air is pure, the surroundings restful, and where, though apparently living in the country he will find the busy noisy city "just round the corner" thanks to a good street car service.

Let us take you through the beautiful Groat Estate—note the improvements that are being effected; graded streets, plank sidewalks, the extension of the water mains, the electric light, the telephone and the street railway etc.

Why pay high taxes and big rents and breathe tainted City air when you can live just outside the giddy City, in a house of your own, where the taxes are less than light and the air is pure and sweet.

F. C. LOWES & Co

28 Jasper Avenue East — EDMONTON
P. O. Box 37 — Jas. Lawrence
Phone 4064 — Edmonton — Manager

Just taste it. There is nothing so delicious & wholesome as
Boyd's
CHOCOLATES
W. J. BOYD CANDY CO
WINNIPEG

JACKSON BROS.
JEWELERS
Thank their many customers for their liberal patronage and —
Wish them a HAPPY NEW YEAR
JACKSON BROS.
Leading Jewelers
303 Jasper A W .

The Right Stuff
One of this season's good books.
LITTLE HAS 'EM

If your furniture is broken, don't cast it aside . .
Bring it to us and we will fix it like new.
Cabinet Making and French Polishing a specialty.
Violins carefully repaired by experienced workmen.
House and general repairs receive prompt attention.
Estimates and designs free.
Hugh A. Watt
Phone 4034. 726 Jasper West

French Lessons by Mail
New, improved, practical and easy method. 8 weeks for $1.00. Send to J. le Cerf, Raven, Alberta.

Love of the Wild
An excellent story by McKishnie. A story of early days in Ontario. One of the best this season.
LITTLE HAS 'EM

The Jasper House
Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton
$1.50 per day
L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

THE LOUNGER.

(Continued from page three.)

fellow came in just now ond asked me the price of one.

"'Seven dollars,' I told him.

"'Speak louder!' he said, holding his hand behind his ear. So I yelled, 'Seven dollars,'

"'Eleven dollars! Too much! I'll give you nine!' he rejlied.

His partner looked at the speaker in alarm.

"You, er, of course you did the right thing?"

"I guess you can depend on me to do the right thing," was the haughty retort. Then he paused. You'd better get some dollar bills when you go to the bank," he remarked. "I just gave an old fellow our last one for change!"

"Is there a man in all this audience," fiercely exclaimed a female orator, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden resting on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work?"

"Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms and looking over her audience with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn-out wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly downstairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, swept the kitchen and done all this, if necessary, day after day, uncomplainingly. If there is such a man in this audience, let him rise up! I should like to see him!"

And in the rear of the hall a mild-looking in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker.

It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself.

The Orator—I arsk yer! Wot is this life we 'old so dear? Soon I'll be lying with me forefathers.

The Voice—An' givin' them points at the game, too!"—Sketch.

Sing a song of sixpence
Pocket full of rye—
That's the way to carry it
Where the town is dry.
Philadelphia Telegraph.

"What time did your husband get home from the banquet last night?"

"He reached the front door at 12.15; the hall rack at 2.45, and the top of the stairway at 3.30."

The average girl is apt to generate a desire to kiss her little brother when the right young man is present.

"Why don't you go to the dance to-night Harold? Haven't you any flame?"

"Yes, dad," said the young man, "a flame, but no fuel."

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel, "aren't you curious to know what is in this parcel?"

"Not very," replied the still belligerent wife.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah, I suppose it's those collars you said you needed.

"My largest item of expense is on account of advertising."

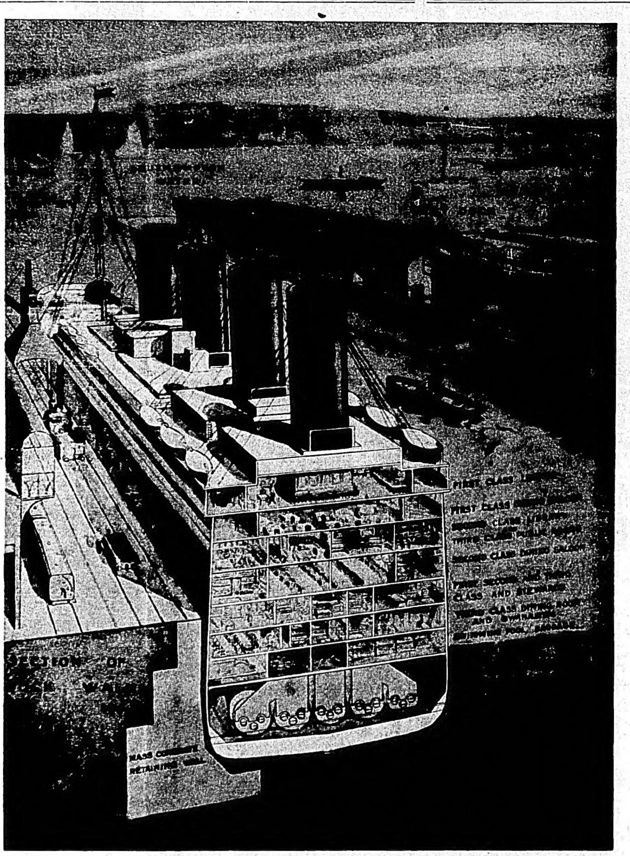
"Indeed! I was not aware that you were in business."

"I'm not. But my wife reads the ads. in the newspapers."

A man got up by candlelight—
He was a hustling feller—
But ere he got his second sight
He tumbled down the cellar.
Another man remained in bed
Till noon was bright and sunny
But while he slept his crafty wife
Went out and spent his money;
Which incidents but serve to show
You cannot live by rule, you know.
St. Paul Dispatch

GRAND MILITARY BAL-POUDRE
Friday Evening Dec. 30 th

Order your Fl wers now for the Ball
CUT FLOWERS FOR NEW YEAR
CARNATION'S NARCISSUS HYACINTHS.
at
RAMSAY'S
Greenhouses
PHONE. - - - 1292



THE VARIED USES OF THE DECKS OF THE GREAT LINER, "OLYMPIC,"

SHANGHAIED.

I'm here on an old square-rigger,
In a suit of slop-chest blue;
I'm sick and I'm stiff and I'm weary,
And I'm damned if I know who's who.
My head is all worried and whirling,
My tongue is as dry as lime,
And I've come to the sad conclusion
That I'm in for a hell of a time.

The last thing that I can remember
Is in a Cordova street bar,
When an affable stranger came near me
And stood me a ten-cent cigar.
We yarned and we smoked and we liquored,
And we had no end of a lark;
Then he stood me a ride in a taxi,
And I woke up aboard this old barque.

Aboard of a crazy old windbag—
You can hear her old hull fairly talk—
Deep laden with lumber for Europe,
And we get our next orders at Cork,
I've lost a good job in Vancouver,
And don't know a thing of the sea;
But the mate says before we make landfall
He'll shape up a sailor of me.

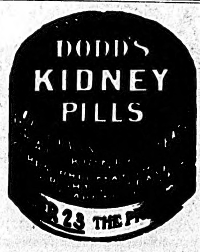
I went aft to find the jib downhaul—
For I had enough sense not to shirk—
But the mate hit me clean to the scuppers,
And said he would teach me my work.
So I've learned that the downhaul is forrard,
But that's only one string that I know,
And before I have mastered the rigging
I've a pretty hard racket to go.

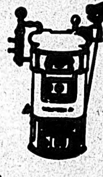
Cape Flattery, 'way off to leeward
Is flashing goodbye to this craft;
And my hopes cream away in the bubbles
On the wake as it streams away aft
I'm shanghaied and in for a riot,
But I've learned a hard lesson this tide,
I'll never mix up with a stranger
In a seaport when I'm getting pied.

THE TYRANNY OF GOLF.

A writer in an English paper fears that England is becoming an enormous links:

"To this returning traveller who has spent some weeks under foreign skies England appears at first sight as the country where they play golf. Everywhere the tyranny of the game is visible. The railway stations are packed with golfers—men who would not journey ten miles from homes unencumbered with the necessary clubs. As you look out from the window of the train which carries you to London you see without pause or intermission the same sight. The pursuit of the white ball is universal. It is undertaken in a spirit of solemn sacrifice. The laughter of gaiety must not approach the green. There is no sign of light-hearted joy in this serious profession. The first rule of golf etiquette is that "no player, caddie, or onlooker should move or talk during a stroke." And though I believe that after the stroke the worst blasphemies are excused, a studied alternation of silence and self-reproach is not the best encouragement of hilarity. However, it is not the grimness of golf that I would condemn, but its tyranny. None can escape it. It leaves no corner of the land inviolate. The whole of Great Britain is now mapped out into golf links, from north to south, from east to west."



WINTER COMFORT

Make a note of it this year, and if your house is not thoroughly warm and comfortable have it remedied before the winter season comes around again. Instal a
WESTERN Jr.
Low Pressure Steam Boiler and "Sovereign" Radiators
All the people who live in homes heated by Western Jr. boilers are going to be more happy this winter than those who live in houses where there is no Western Jr.—they will be more healthy and comfortable
TAYLOR-FORBES
COMPANY LIMITED
Agents Througout Canada
The BARNES Co. Limited
608 Center Ave.
Calgary

Read the 'News'

The Edmonton Drug Co.

The Season's Greetings and a bright, happy and Prosperous New Year.

The Edmonton Drug Co.

Greetings

That your New Year may be Exuberantly Merry and may you have prosperity exceeding the full measure of your desires are the sincere wishes to everyone from the

Edmonton Wine and Spirit Co.

Our stock of Wines is the best yet. We urge all to order early so as to aviod disappointment in delivery

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Company

Phone 1911

Best lot of books ever published in one season. The best of them are Canadian stories.

LITTLE HAS 'EM

CITY FLOUR MILLS

When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our :: :: ::

"WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour

Handled by all grocers and Flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed

Campbell & Ottoewell

The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of imitations Sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

THE MIRROR.

(Continued from page

idea that the woman ought to give the clothes their cachet, not the clothes the woman.

A woman, he argued, ought to follow her own style. She ought to study herself. By this he meant that she should accentuate her own good points and made the most of them; not follow, sheep fashion, some silly-headed arbiter of vogues whose chief idea was to create a novelty. Beauty of material and grace of line, were other points on which he laid particular stress.

A lovely frock to-day, provided it paid heed to these considerations, was equally good ten years hence, he very sensibly remarked. A contention well illustrated in the perennial charm the clothes, worn by many famous, and a great many forgotten and unknown women in old pictures, still retain for us.

Take Mrs. Siddons in the Gainsborough portrait, one of the most famous in the world, and see if this is not so. A hundred examples could be named that would point the same moral.

But pick out a comparatively recent portrait of a woman gowned up to the the-minute, and see what a freak she looks.

Some fashionable folk are no better than clothes horses, forms on which to hang so-called smart trappings. They rely on the multiplicity of their garments, and the latest cut of them, to make up for their own lack of brains, and any real attribute of beauty and comeliness. The "well-dressed" woman, however, is never one of these show-case mannikins. She makes her clothes—in the sense that you think of "her" first, next of how well they suit her, and how very simple and beautiful they are.

Costliness, and frequent changes, never enter into the consideration. At the same time, beauty and quality of material, are her first and last requisites.

A number of women wear so many cheap gaudy clothes poorly made, but with some attempts at smartness, that they literally can't afford one decent dress. And they lose so much time and energy in hunting these up, that they never study effects, or pause long enough to consider any question of suitability.

I always imagine I can tell the best-dressed women in town, by going into the shops and without my ever willing it so, having the loveliest hats and materials suggest certain women to my mind. An exquisite brocade will, on the instant, strike me as peculiarly the property of Mrs. ——; and a hat, lovely in line, and charming in every particular, will almost seem to demand a certain face I know under it.

There are women I always look for at teas and dances, because they wear their clothes so well, they are a joy to behold.

I walked behind a friend of mine the other day on the street, and heard a stranger remark, "if my wife or any self-respecting woman I know, wore a hat like that I'd feel inclined to shoot her."

The plea for encouragement of the old arts of lace and flower-making, does not come a moment too soon. We have come to an era of make-shifts. Imitation laces; cotton, and unreal flowers. Now, if these represented any real saving it wouldn't be so bad, but poor articles of any class, are the most extravagant investments in the world. That the very poor are unable to save enough to purchase a better quality, is readily to be understood. But that women who could have some really choice things, prefer quantity to quality and buy accordingly, is unforgivable.

"Tell me what a man eats, and I will tell you what he loves" is equally good translated. "Let me see a woman's clothes and I will tell you what she is."

In this latest craving for multiplicity of garments and bizarre effects, can be readily perceived a degenerating influence, noticeable in women generally themselves.

I do not claim that women are growing vicious, or suggest even that they are becoming more emancipated, but I do know that the average woman's mind to-day has less ballast, and doesn't commence to be as well stored, as was her grandmother's, seventy years ago, when the question of dress didn't commence to play the part in life that it does to-day, and brains counted for more than externals.

INDIA'S CHRISTMAS — A CONTRAST.

Dim dawn behind the tamarisks—
the sky is saffron yellow,
As the women in the village grind
the corn,
And the parrots seek the riverside,
each calling to his fellow
That the Day, the staring Eastern
Day, is born.
Oh the white dust on the highway!
Oh the stenches in the byway!
Oh the clammy fog that hovers
over earth!
And at Home they're making merry
'neath the white and scarlet
berry
What part have India's exiles in
their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the
sky is blue and staring—
As the cattle crawl afield beneath
the yoke,
And they bear one o'er the field-path
who is past all hope or caring,
To the ghat below the curling
wreaths of smoke.
Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye
bear a brother lowly—
Call on Rama, he may hear, perhaps, your voice!
With our hymn books and our psalters we appeal to other altars,
And to-day we bid "good Christian
men rejoice!"

High noon behind the tamarisks—the
sun is hot above us—
As at Home the Christmas day is
breaking wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner
—those who tell us how they
love us,
And forget us till another year be
gone!
Oh the toil that knows no breaking!
Oh the Heimweh, ceaseless,
aching!
Oh the black dividing Sea and alien
Plain!
Youth was cheap, wherefore we sold
it. Gold was good—we hoped
to hold it,
And to-day we know the fullness
of our gain.

Grey dusk behind the tamarisks—the
parrots fly together—
As the sun is slowly sinking over
Home:
And his last ray seems to mock us,
shackled in a lifelong tether,
That drags us back however so far
we roam.
Hard her service, poor her payment
—she in ancient tattered raiment
India, she the grim Stepmother of
our kind
If a year of life be lent her, if her
temple's shrine we enter
The door is shut—we may not look
behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—
the owls being their chorus—
As the conches from the temple
scream and bray.
With the fruitless years behind us,
and the hopeless years before
us,
Let us honor, O my brothers,
Christmas Day!
Call a truce, then, to our labors—let
us feast with friends and
neighbors,
And be merry as the custom of our
caste;
For if "faint and forced the laughter,"
and if sadness follow after,
We are richer by one mocking
Christmas past.

Rudyard Kipling.

A NEW DREADNOUGHT.

The new cruiser battleship, for which the Admiralty are now inviting tenders from three of the leading British private shipbuilding yards, is to be the largest and most powerful ship of its type yet projected. Details of its design are being kept a profound secret, but it is known that it will considerably exceed the Lion, recently launched at Portsmouth, in length, beam and tonnage. It is because of the laying down of this mammoth ship that work upon the two new deep-water docks at Rosyth is to be pressed forward with all speed. The vessel will be designed to maintain a high rate of speed for a considerable distance without the necessity for recoaling; while the engines —which will be of the turbine type—are to be so constructed as to be driven by either coal or liquid fuel. This naval giant is to be completed for sea within two years of being laid down and the suggestion has been heard that she should bear the name of Queen Mary.

Read the Saturday News

The People of Edmonton will find in the

IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA

Well equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large ($1 and upwards).
Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.
All the facilities and security of a strong bank are at the services of our depositors.
A special room provided for women.
Married women and minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized	[illegible]	Capital Subscribed,	$5,905,000.00
Capital Paid Up,	[illegible]	Reserve Fund,	$5,575,000.00

Edmonton Offices, Cor. McDougall & Jasper

Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West

Your Savings Account is solicited

G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

Your Laundry

Will be more carefully washed here than most places, because every move from the time it enters until it is parcelled up is watched by experts in their line.

"A Trial is Worth While"

Phone and our rig will call.

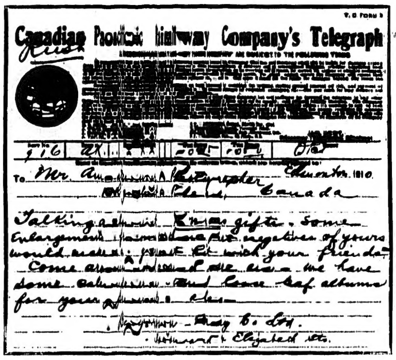
Song Lee Laundry

Phone 2263 — 129 Fraser Avenue

FIRE INSURANCE

ROBERT MAYS — Room 5, Crystal Block, Jasper West, Edmonton

Phone 1263


T. G. Form 1

Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Telegraph

Rush

916

To Mr. ... Edmonton 1910 ... Canada

Talking about Xmas gifts. Some Enlargements from those fine negatives of yours would make a great hit with your friends. Come around and see us — we have some calendars and loose leaf albums for your friends also.

... Drug Co. Ltd.
... & Elizabeth Sts.

W. C. DODDS,
City Pass'gr and Ticket Agt. C.N. Ry.
Jasper Ave. East. Phone 1712.
EDMONTON, ALTA.

Development of Edmonton Wholesale Trade

Smith & Jones, General Merchants, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Dry Goods, Clothing, Crockery and Hardware. Highest price paid for furs.

That was the kind of announcement by which the representatives of wholesale trade, as it existed in Edmonton up to a short ten years ago, were in the habit of intimating to the public their facilities for doing business. Such jobbing trade as there was, was done by the big retailers, these enterprising pioneers of Edmonton's distributing trade, owing to the high freight rates on L.C.L. shipments, were compelled to bring in their goods from eastern commercial centres in carload lots, and owing to the slowness of the freight service to order their goods far in advance of their requirements. In consequence of these conditions, it was usually necessary to carry very heavy stocks, vastly in excess of what would now be considered warranted by their volume of trade. As a rule they were badly overstocked with many lines, and out of stock in as many others "until our car arrives."

In those days the shipping of orders by rail was a thing unknown. Practically their only wholesale customers were the Indian traders, both white and half-breed, who bartered with the Indian hunters and trappers at interior points. Even in those days, Edmonton's distributing trade, though thin in volume, reached out over a vast empire. These traders came in from as far as Jasper Pass on the West, from old Fort Pitt, Onion Lake and Battleford to the east, and from the north they came untold distances.

Such railroad service as we had in those days did not lend itself readily to the development of Edmonton's distributing trade. A mixed train crawled three times a week each way over the 192 miles of ill-ballasted, light-steeled line between Calgary and South Edmonton, as the hamlet which has since become the city of Strathcona was then called. As the through rate to Edmonton was the rate to Calgary plus the local rate from Calgary to South Edmonton, plus the cost of teaming across the Saskatchewan, it was not practicable to ship back to points south, so that trade was practically confined to points reached only by wagon, pack train or boat.

There was practically no change in these conditions until the approach of the Canadian Northern Railway, designed to give Edmonton direct connection with Winnipeg, became imminent. Without waiting for its actual arrival, the Canadian Pacific Railway anticipated the inevitable, and put into effect a new tariff, making the rate to Edmonton the same as to Calgary. That was five years ago, and may be said to mark the birth of Edmonton as a wholesale centre in the modern sense of the word.

Field Enlarges.

Not only could Edmonton merchants now compete southwards, dividing with Calgary the large trade that had developed along the Calgary and Edmonton railway, but settlers were rushing into the rich agricultural country to the eastward along the line of the Canadian Northern, and there had suddenly come into existence a score of new towns which looked to Edmonton as their wholesale centre. Conditions were rapidly changing. A few wholesale houses had established the large retailers were relinquishing their pretensions as jobbers and were confining their attention to their retail trade. Since then Edmonton's distributing trade has developed with extraordinary rapidity. In a small brochure published in Edmonton towards the end of 1905, which I have before me, the trade is proudly made that "Edmonton now has five wholesale houses, and two large eastern manufacturing concerns are arranging for wholesale distributing depots here." In the short period that has since elapsed these five wholesale houses have increased to nearly fifty, and at least two hundred eastern factories are carrying wholesale stocks here in the hands of brokers or distributors. In industrial enterprise similar progress has been made and there are now about fifty indstrial concerns in Edmonton shipping their products to surrounding territory.

At the close of 1905 Edmonton's distributing trade had reached the proud total of something like three million dollars a year. A recent careful estimate places it at between twenty and twenty-five millions at the present time. After the advent of the Canadian Northern Railway in 1906, there were in operation in the territory commercially tributary to Edmonton 237 miles of railway. The mileage has now increased to something like 875, 455 miles additional are now under construction and there is every reason to expect that work will be commenced next season on further branches aggregating at least 570 miles.

What of Edmonton's wholesale trade in the future? Will the figures I have just given in regard to Edmonton's present trade look five years hence as funny as those so proudly given five years ago look now? Yes, I think they will. There is every to believe that the present rate of expansion will be kept up, and even considerably accelerated for several years to come.

Vastness of Tributary Territory.

The statement has at different times been made, apparently with every justification, that the territory commercially controlled by Edmonton contains a greater area of land known to be rich agriculturally than is contained in territory controlled by any other city on this continent. There would appear to be considerable in this claim, leaving out of the question all timber and mineral resources, and the districts not yet properly explored, which may or may not be valuable agriculturally. There is enough land, known to be valuable for farming purposes, within the territory in which Edmonton wholesale houses are controlling the trade to cover the entire map ofGreat Britain, or to make three such states as New Yory, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In addition there is a vast area of unknown agricultural value, but known to be rich in other natural resources. On the Athabasca river to the North lies the most valuable timber area in Alberta, as well as great deposits of tar, oil and vast supplies of salt, all of which are likely to be made available in the near future by the building of railway facilities.

To the northwest lies the great Peace river country, rich both in agricultural resources minerals and timber, the opening of the development of which cannot be much longer delayed. With the very first announcement of definite assurance of railways in that country there will be such a rush of settlement as has rarely before been witnessed in any portion of the west.

All about Edmonton and away to the westward as far as the foothills lies the greatest coal area in Western Canada. Up to the present time scarcely any attempt has been made in the way of development of this tremendously valuable resource. Sufficient coal has been taken out to supply the consumption of Edmonton, Strathcona and other nearby towns, and a small amount, amounting to less than 200,000 tons per year, has been shipped to points on the prairies farther east. This, however, is only a tithe of what might be accomplished, and we are now on the eve of vast development in the coal industry. Within the past twelve months no less than six or seven large companies, very strong financially, have become interested in the coal proposition, and already two of these have commenced development with a view to production on a large scale in the near future. A number of great coal camps will grow up within the next two years, the trade of which will be tributary to Edmonton.

Over the provincial boundary in British Columbia, there are great possibilities of development, to a certain extent in agriculture and fruit growing, but more probably in industrial lines, such as lumbering, coal and other mineral development. The trade of all this district will also be handled by Edmonton wholesalers just as soon as the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company are able to get their next division into operation, which will be either at the end of 1911 or beginning 1912.

In that part of Edmonton's distributing territory already developed there is room for and is taking place very rapid further development. During the past summer more farmers have come in to buy land than in any three years in the past, and from correspondence now being received it is evident that next summer and the succeeding years will show even greater influx. In outlying districts, the agent of Dominion Lands, at Edmonton, reports that his office has been taking homestead entries at the rate of 550 per month.

Transportation Facilities Continually Increasing

Contemporary with the development referred to above there will unquestionably take place a corresponding expansion in transportation facilities, and there can be no question as to the great expansion that will take place in Edmonton's distributing trade. The facilities for such expansion are already at hand. All three of the great transcontinental railway systems are already represented here insuring keen competition and effective service. There are already branch lines radiating in many directions, and many more are in sight. Arrangements in regard to yard facilities, etc., within the city make ample provision for spur track, etc., and there will be sufficient accomodation in this way to meet the requirements of a vast metropolis.

In this connection, the development of traffic carried into Edmonton by the railways may be of interest. When the C. N. R. came in, in 1906, with a line 213 miles shorter to Winnipeg than the C. P. R., it was confidently predicted that they would get a big slice of the C. P. R. business. Yet that year the C. P. R. carried much the heaviest volume of traffic into Edmonton that they had ever had. In 1910 the Grand Trunk Pacific opened a still shorter line for traffic, and put on a fast through freight service, almost cutting in two the time between Winnipeg and Edmonton. It would reasonably be supposed that such competition would seriously reduce the traffic of the other two roads. Yet both the C.P.R. and C.N.R. report that they are now carrying the heaviest traffic into Edmonton that they have had since these lines were optned for business. These facts, considered in conjunction with the fact that Edmonton's bank clearings and custom-house receipts are showing a larger percentage of increase than those of any other city in the Dominion, are a very safe criterion as to the rapid expansion of distributing trade that is taking place here.—Western Canada Trade Gazette.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING RECEPTION.

Among the many gatherings that marked the celebration of Christmas in Edmonton, none was more thoroughly enjoyed than the reception held by Mr. Thomas Lancaster on Christmas morning at his rooms in the Alberta Hotel Annex. A very large number of his friends responded to the invitation and a hearty welcome awaited them. He was assisted in receiving by Mr. Fred Smale, while Mr. John Morley served the ices and Mr. Wm. Law poured the coffee. The informality of the affair added not a little to the pleasure of the occasion.

Cold Feet.

A famous physician once gave his rule for health, "Keep the feet warm, head cool and bowels regular."

When the feet get cold or wet, a cough or sore throat usually follow.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

taken at once, wards off all colds. It is the most successful Cough Remedy. Large bottle 35 cents; all dealers.

J. L. Mathieu Co., Prop's. Sherbrooke, Que.

Distributors for Western Canada
Foley Bros. Larson & Company
Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, Saskatoon.

DISCONTINUING NIGHT TRAIN

The tri-weekly night train between Strathcona and Calgary will be discontinued after January 3rd until Spring. The last train will be 322 Tuesday night, January 3rd, from Strathcona.

Trail of 98

Had to wire for a new shipment. By author of "Songs of a Sourdough."

WATCH LITTLE'S WINDOWS

Kemp & Son
Expert Plumbers
Estimates prepared on every class of work
147 Namayo Ave. Phone 1847

Menu For New Year's Dinner at the Windsor Hotel

New York Counts au Citron
Pickled Walnuts — Queen Olives
Canapes Caviar a la Russe
Sliced Tomato — Crisp Celery

Consomme Terre Vert
Puree Fowl aux Pearles
Fraser River Salmon, Sauce Homard
Pommes a la Parisienne

Boiled Leg of Mountain Lamb, Caper Sauce
Filet Pigeons aux Champignons
Shrimp Patties au Bechamel Maigra
Baked Pineapple Dumplings, Port Wine Sauce
Roast Sirloin Beef au Jus, Horseradish
Stuffed Spring Turkey, Chestnuts, Cranberry Sauce
Sucking Pigs with savory dressing
Jugged Venison, Red Currant Jelly — Domestic Duck, Cumberland Sauce

Lobster Salad en Mayonnaise
Dressed Lettuce

Mashed Potatoes — String Beans in Bacon
Green Corn on Cob — Steamed Potatoes

Deep Apple Pie — Hot Mince Pie
Peach Tart
English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce
Scotch Trifle — Strawberry Ice Cream — Finger Cakes
Assorted Cakes
Fresh Fruits — Mixed Nuts

EMPIRE THEATRE
W. B. SHERMAN, Manager. Phone 2185.
TONIGHT
Special matinee Saturday
THE PARTELLO COMPANY
Presenting
A Kentucky-California Feudal Romance
"SALOMY JANE"
Prices —Evenings, Reserved seats 75c. and $1.00; Gallery 50c. Matinees: Children 25c., Adults 50c.
Don't forget the Big Bargain "NEW YEARS" Matinee, Monday, January 2

LYCEUM THEATRE
W. B. SHERMAN, Manager. Phone 1843.
"Home of Musical Comedy."
SPECIAL NEW YEAR'S MATINEE
HUNT'S MUSICAL COMEDY CO.
Presents
The Latest Comedy Success
CUPIDS HANDICAP
Doors open 2.25; Curtain rises 3.15. Adults 50c Children 10c

The Particular People's Place
Lewis' Cafe
Special Menu for New Year's Dinner
Orpheum Entrance - - Jasper East

A Cigar that Goes to every civilized country on the Globe at Christmas time.
Our New Year's Package of
LaPalma Cigars
Put up in 10's and 25's
For sale by all first class dealers.
H. V. SHAW, Manufacturer, Edmonton.

C. M. Burk, Photographer
We extend to all the old, old wish for a happy New Year.
Our Studio will be open all day Monday
308 Jasper East

WANTED
You to know that the
Travis-Barker Exchange Mart
(McDougall Ave., south of Jasper)
Is a complete Farm and House Furnishing Establishment. Almost everything in home wants may be had.
Graniteware in every variety of shape and tint.
A wonderful No. 9 Cooking Stove with extra strong cast iron parts and exceptional oven $23.75
A No. 7 sells at $20.75
Here is a Marvel Heater No. 11 .... $5.75
A No. 13 .... $7.75
A No. 15 is $9.75
Full size Iron Bed with brassknobs only $4.95
A beautiful Art Design Health Mattress $4.75
An Upright American Organ, just as good as new, cost $175.00; will sell for $65.00
A strong full size spring of excellent workmanship, braced in every part for $3.25
Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for $8.75
Wash Stand for $3.00
All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at $4.95
Flannel Sheets $1.25
Building Paper, Tar Paper.
Toilet Sets.
Horse Rugs, from $2.25
Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes.
The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange that cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call up 1332.

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